

DYNAMIC COMICS

NO. 1
10¢

WORLD'S
GREATEST
COMICS





**WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM**



*The DREAMS OF DOZENS OF POOR BOYS WERE TURNED INTO A HIDEOUS NIGHTMARE THAT THREATENED TO BLAST THEM INTO OBLIVION! HOW COULD THEIR GREED-CRAZED BENEFACITOR DISGUISE THE ATROCITY AS AN ACCIDENT? **DYNAMIC MAN** AND **DYNAMIC BOY** PLUNGED INTO THE CONSPIRACY WITH TWO STRIKES AGAINST THEM BUT WITH FEARLESS DETERMINATION TO EXPOSE A VICIOUS RACKET!*

DYNAMIC MAN

COACH BERT MC QUADE AND HIS KID BROTHER JOIN THE GAY CROWD AT A CHARITY AFFAIR....

WHAT A MOB, RICKY. MISTER BROOM WILL RAISE ANOTHER THOUSAND TO-NIGHT!

I'VE RAISED AN APPETITE ALREADY, COACH. LET'S GO!



WHAT A FEAST!

DROP YOUR TRAY, COACH! MR. BROOM IS IN TROUBLE OVER THERE!





STILL PROMOTING FAKE CHARITIES, ARE YUH? I WANT MY DONATION BACK WITH INTEREST!

NOT SO LOUD, BROCKTON! MEET ME AT THE REAR GATE AFTER-TEN.



WAS THAT MAN TRYING TO MAKE TROUBLE, MR. BROOM?

NO.. HE'S AN OLD FRIEND, COACH. HE COMPLAINED I SHOULD HAVE LET HIM IN FREE!



THE FIRST GROUP OF KIDS LEAVE TO-MORROW FOR CAMP, HUH? WHAT TIME?

TWO O'CLOCK. I'VE CHARTERED A BUS. YOU'RE COMING ALONG AS A COUNSELOR I HOPE, RICKY.



GOSH, I'M GOING TO HAVE A SWELL TIME AT CAMP!

YOU'RE JACQUES, RIGHT? MR. BROOM WANTS TO SEE YOU.



TROUBLE, BOSS?

YES, JACQUES! THAT BANKER FROM DES MOINES CAUGHT UP WITH US!



WE SKIPPED AFTER HE GAVE ME FIVE HUNDRED FOR MY IOWA ORPHANAGE FUND. HE'LL BE WAITING FOR THE MONEY AT THE REAR GATE!

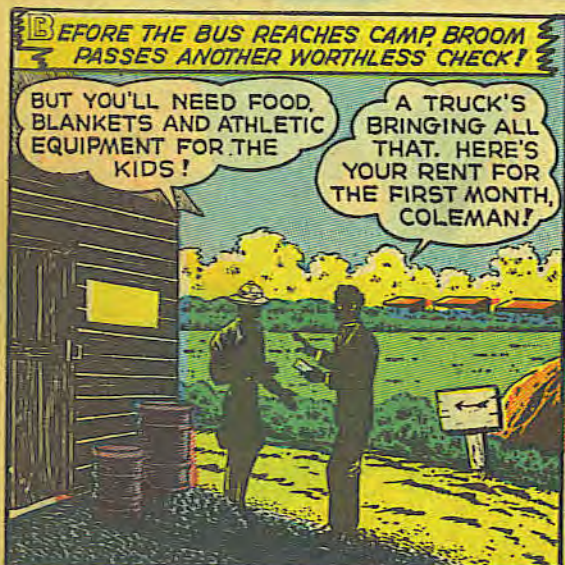
I WEEEL MAKE IT LOOK LIKE ACCIDENT, BOSS!

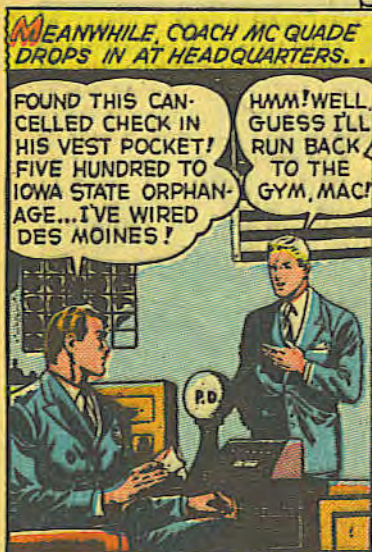


AT 10 P.M. THE CROWD DEPARTS...

SUCH A DELIGHTFUL AFFAIR, MR. BROOM? MAY I SPONSOR THE SECOND GROUP OF BOYS?

WHY, OF COURSE. VERY GENEROUS OF YOU!











Horrible death descends on an Arizona ghost town where **The Echo** and **Dr. Doom** are on a mission of mercy. How can **The Echo's** amazing power of ventriloquism combat a menace that flutters fearlessly through blazing gunfire?



NO WONDER THEY CALL THIS A GHOST TOWN. CORA, EVERYONE IS OFF THE STREET BY SUNSET!

MUST BE A REASON, ECHO! THEY'RE AFRAID OF SOMETHING!

LOOK! THERE'S A MEXICAN IN THAT DOORWAY! PERHAPS HE CAN TELL US WHAT'S COOKIN'!

HE MUST BE DRUNK OR ASLEEP!





HE'S DEAD! BLOOD IS OOZING FROM A WOUND IN HIS NECK! BUT HE WASN'T STABBED. HE WAS BITTEN BY SOME ANIMAL!



ECHO! QUICK! PULL YOUR GUN AND SHOOT!



BACK, CORA! A GIANT BAT-- AND IT MOVES SO FAST I CAN'T SEEM TO HIT IT!



HERE COMES ANOTHER-- AND ANOTHER! WE CAN'T ESCAPE!

DON'T MOVE AN INCH, CORA!



STOP THAT CONFOUNDED SHOOTIN', YOU TWO! I'M THE LAW IN THIS HERE TOWN!

HOLD THAT DOOR OPEN, MISTER!



THANKS, OLD TIMER! THE BATS WOULD HAVE GOT US, SURE! WHERE'D THEY COME FROM?

SCOTTY'S MY NAME. I'M THE SHERIFF. MEAN TO TELL YOU'VE NEVER HEARD OF THE BATS?



THIS WUZ A GOLD MINING TOWN TILL THE VEINS PETERED OUT. MINE SHAFTS WUZ FULL OF BATS. RECENT YEARS THEY'VE GROWN BIGGER'N BIGGER!



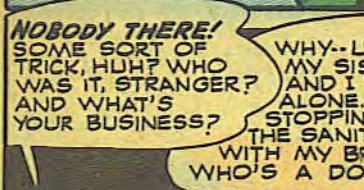
WHY DON'T YOU TELL 'EM THE **TRUTH**, SCOTTY? THEY WON'T **LIVE LONG ENOUGH TO SQUAWK!**

WHO SAID THAT?



YOU THREW YOUR VOICE TO SEE WHAT HE'D DO?

YES, BUT I CAN'T **PROVE ANYTHING** YET!



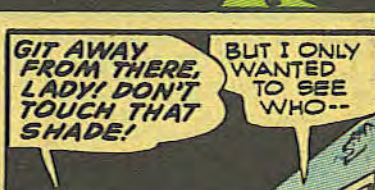
NOBODY THERE! SOME SORT OF TRICK, HUH? WHO WAS IT, STRANGER? AND WHAT'S YOUR BUSINESS?

WHY--UH-- MY SISTER AND I WERE ALONE. WE'RE STOPPING AT THE SANITARIUM WITH MY BROTHER WHO'S A DOCTOR!



HE'S LYIN', SCOTTY! HE'S A DETECTIVE FROM TUCSON. HE'S GOT THE GOODS ON YOU!

SO THAT'S IT, EH? A **SNOOPER!**



GIT AWAY FROM THERE, LADY! DON'T TOUCH THAT SHADE!

BUT I ONLY WANTED TO SEE WHO--



THAT FOOL OUTSIDE HAS MISTAKEN ME FOR SOMEONE ELSE, SHERIFF SCOTT!

MAYBE--BUT I AIN'T TAKIN' NO CHANCES! GIT OUTSIDE, BOTH OF YOU!



WE WERE SAFE IN THERE, ECHO, UNTIL YOU SPOILED IT! NOW WHAT?

I SAW SOME GREASY RAGS BACK BY THE GAS PUMP. WE'LL MAKE TORCHES AND DASH FOR THE SANITARIUM!



HEY, DOC! YOUR
BATS ARE STILL
HANGING AROUND!
HOW KIN WE
DRIVE 'EM OFF?

THAT LUNATIC
COOK-- CALLS
THE BATS
MINE!



YOU SOUNDED
JUST LIKE THE
COOK, TOO, ECHO!

ECHO'S RIGHT!
STAND GUARD BY THE
JONES BOY ON THE
SUNDECK, WARD C--
WHILE ECHO AND I SEARCH
MOSELY'S LAB, CORA!



YOU AND DR.
DOOM ARE THE
FIRST VISITORS.
I'VE HAD IN
THREE YEARS!
WHY DID YOU
COME HERE?

DR. DOOM WAS SENT
HERE BY
THE TRUSTEES
TO FIND OUT
WHY SO MANY
OF YOU CHILDREN
DIE AND SO FEW
GET WELL.

DID YOU
EVER SEE
ANY BATS IN
DR. MOSELY'S
LABORATORY?

YEAH--
SURE!
BACK WHEN I
COULD
WALK,
HE USED TO
KEEP CAGES
FULL OF 'EM!



WHY WASN'T
YOUR BED
ROLLED
INSIDE
TONIGHT,
SONNY?

DR. MOSELY
TOLD THE
NURSE--*OH!*
**WHAT'S THAT
HUGE THING
FALLING ON US?**



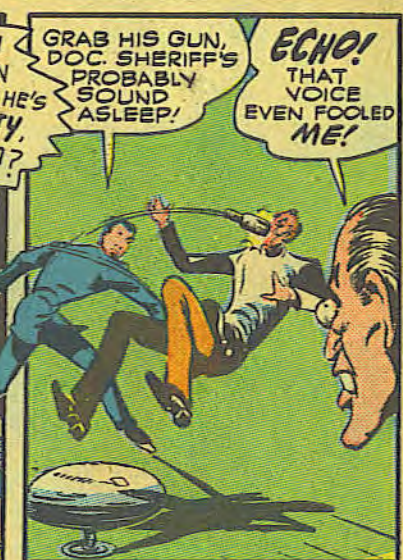
**CALL THE ECHO,
SONNY! SCREAM
AS LOUD AS
YOU CAN!**



SO THAT FOOL KID
TALKED, EH? WELL,
YOU WON'T!

DON'T BET ON
THAT, MOSELY!
TRIP HIM, DOC!





IMA SLOOTH



C'MON, SOMEBODY! OPEN UP! I AIN'T SELLING VACUUM CLEANERS!



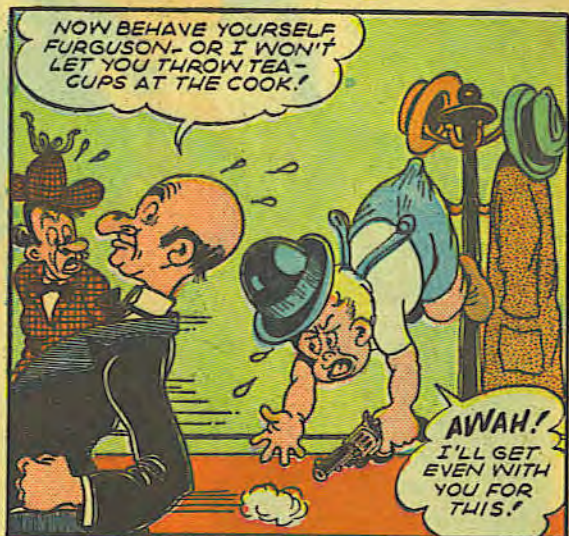
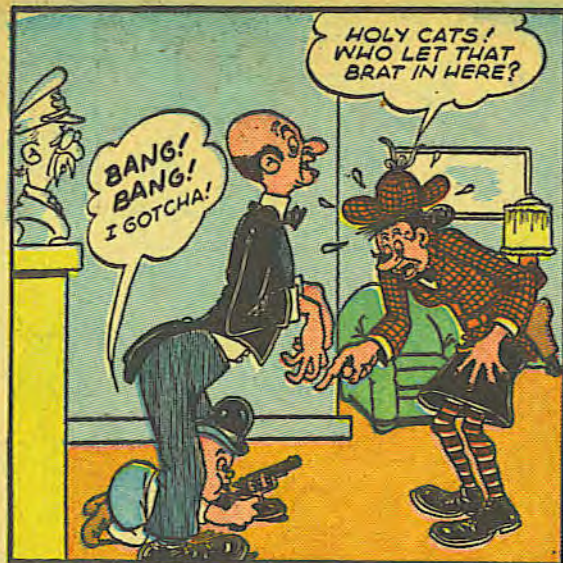
ALL GOODS MUST BE DELIVERED AT THE SERVICE ENTRANCE, MADAM.

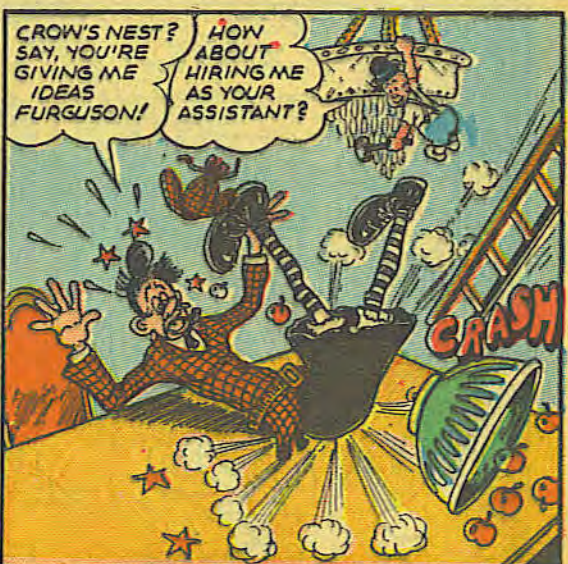
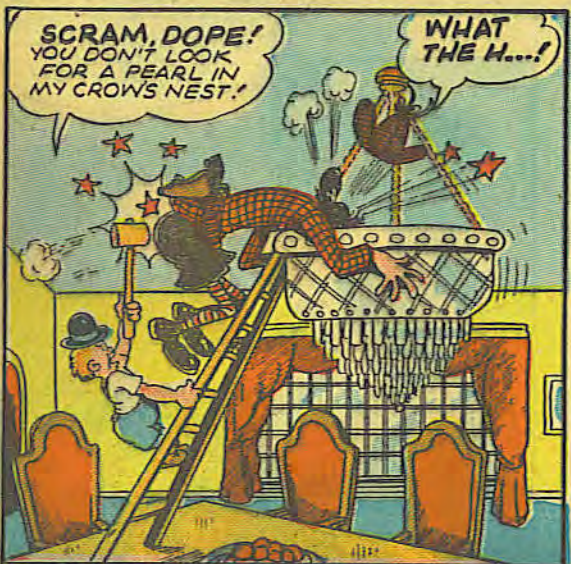
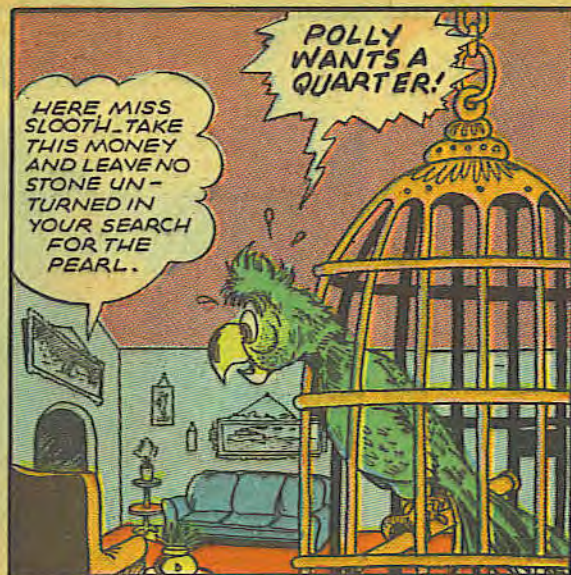
DON'T JUMP AT CONCLUSIONS, PERKINS. I AIN'T GOT THE GOODS ON ANYBODY YET, BUT WHEN I DO, I WON'T BRING IT THROUGH THE BACK DOOR.

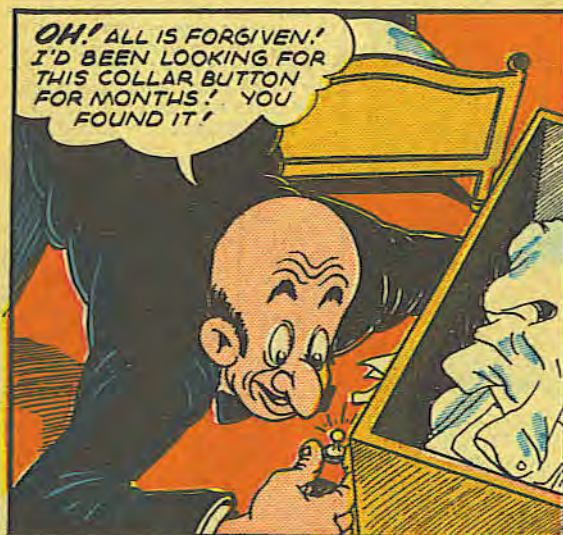
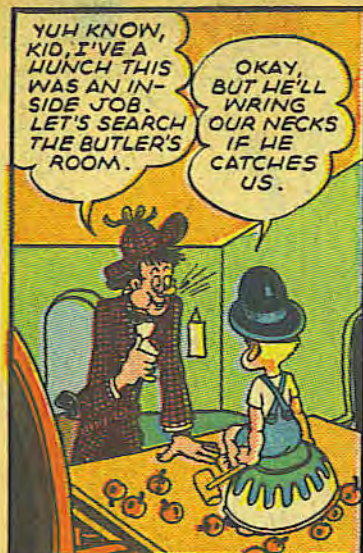


ER, AH, AH, AH! ARE YOU THE DETECTIVE MY MASTER WAS EXPECTING?

YOU AIN'T KIDDIN', SPORT. I'M NONE OTHER THAN IMA SLOOTH, THE SEMI-PRIVATE DETECTIVE, WHERE'S HIS NIBS?









STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933 OF DYNAMIC Comics, published Quarterly at St. Louis, Missouri, for March 1, 1946.

State of New York, County of New York, ss. Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Harry A. Chesler, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the Flying Cadet Publishing Co., Inc. and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Flying Cadet Publishing Co., Inc., 50 Main St., Succasunna N. J.; Editor, Will Harr, 163 West 23rd Street, N. Y. C.; Business Manager, Harry A. Chesler, 163 West 23rd Street, N. Y. C.
2. That the owner is: Flying Cadet Publishing Co., Inc., 50 Main St., Succasunna, N. J.; Harry A. Chesler, Jr., On leave with U. S. Army; Betty Chesler, Succasunna N. J.
3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 1st day of October, 1945.

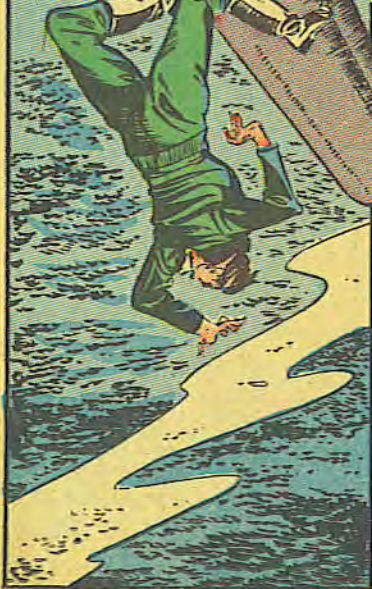
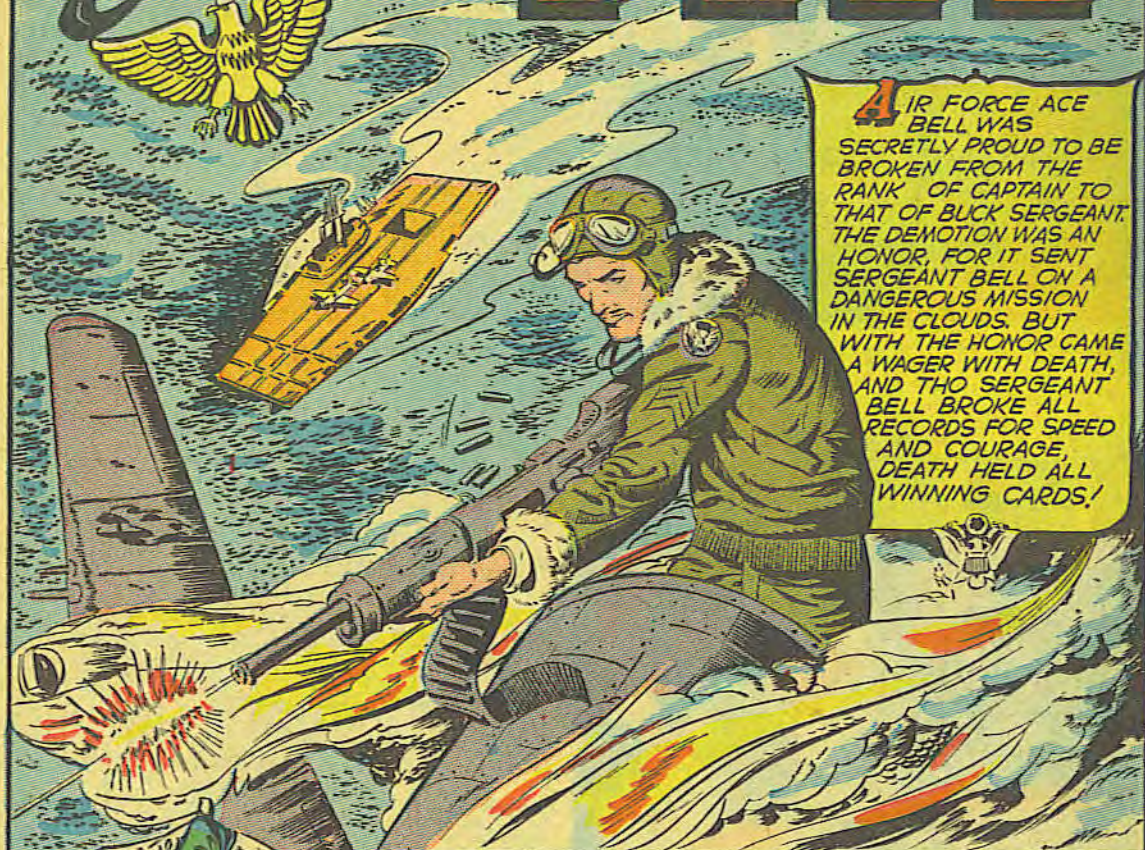
JOSEPH BELL,

(My Commission Expires March 30, 1947)

(SEAL)

(Signed) HARRY A. CHESLER,
Business Manager.

Serg't BELL



OKAY, CAPTAIN BELL. GET INTO THIS SERGEANT'S UNIFORM!

I NEVER THOUGHT I'D GET A THRILL OUT OF A DEMOTION!



HERE'S WHERE YOU'LL RENDEZVOUS WITH THE CONVOY. YOU'LL GET YOUR INSTRUCTIONS DIRECT FROM ADMIRAL HARVEY! GOOD LUCK!

THANK YOU-- COLONEL!





LET'S SEE HOW NEAR I CAN LAND TO THE RAFT THEY THREW OVERBOARD. I'LL INFLATE IT AND THE REST IS UP TO THE NAVY!



AN HOUR PASSES

I SURE HOPE THE NAVY DIDN'T GET ITS SIGNALS MIXED! WAIT-- I THINK I SEE-- YES, IT IS A SHIP HEADING THIS WAY!



AHOY-- SAILOR!

GOOD! THEY SEE ME! THEY'RE WAVING BACK!

AHOY!!

THANKS, SAILOR! THOUGHT YOU WERE GOING TO PASS ME UP-- SERGEANT BELL, SURVIVOR OF SUNK TRANSPORT--

IN YOU GO, SARGE, YOU'RE TO REPORT BACK ON BOARD TO REAR ADMIRAL HARVEY FOR QUESTIONING AS SOON AS WE REACH SHIP!

FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER

SERGEANT BELL REPORTING, SIR!

AT EASE, SERGEANT! SIT DOWN AND I'LL GO OVER THE INSTRUCTIONS!



SOMEHOW FOOD HAS BEEN STOLEN FROM RECENT CONVOYS TURNING UP LATER IN STRICKEN COUNTRIES AT FABULOUS PRICES!

THERE IS NO DEPTH TO WHICH SOME PEOPLE WILL SINK, SIR!



IT'S YOUR JOB TO MIX WITH THE CONVOY CREW. FIND OUT WHAT YOU CAN. WE'LL REJOIN THE CONVOY AFTER DARK!

THIS IS REALLY ONE JOB I WANT TO SINK MY TEETH INTO, SIR!

WITHOUT AROUSING SUSPICION, SERGEANT BELL IS TRANSFERRED TO A MERCHANT SHIP...

I'M SCIBILI. YOU'RE NEW HERE, SAILOR. HOW COME?

YEAH, I WAS TRANSFERRED TO THIS SHIP BECAUSE YOU'RE SHORT OF HANDS.

LATE THAT NIGHT

SOMEONE'S LEAVING HIS HAMMOCK! IT'S SCIBILI AND ANOTHER GUY! I'D BETTER FOLLOW 'EM!

HEADING FOR THE BRIDGE! WHAT THE DEVIL CAN THEY BE UP TO?

THAT WILL QUIET YOU DOWN! NOSEY GUYS ARE GOOD FOR THE SHARKS!

O-W-W-W!
UH-H-H!

NOW TO GET RID OF YOU, PAL! SCIBILI WAS RIGHT!

--WHAT A SURPRISE YOU'RE GONNA GET, RAT!

OVER THE RAIL-- UH-- YOU'RE--

YEAH? YOU'LL HAVE TO HIT ME HARDER! GO AHEAD AND CALL YOUR PALS!

THAT OUGHT TO SHUT YOUR TRAP FOR AWHILE--

OW-W-W!
NO, DON'T LET ME--
AY-Y-Y-Y!

THAT YOU, CZINKO?

YEAH, SCIBILI! I GOT RID OF THAT NOSEY GUY! HOW'S EVERYTHING GOING?



THIRTY MINUTES LATER.

GOOD WORK, BELL, BUT YOU'RE NOT THROUGH YET! THIS MESSAGE FOUND ON SCIBILI IS INSTRUCTIONS FOR HIJACKING THIS SHIP!

I THOUGHT WE HADN'T FOUND THE BIG SHOT OF THIS ROTTEN RACKET, SIR!

YOU'LL HAVE TO TAKE OFF FROM ONE OF OUR ESCORT CARRIERS. CAN YOU FLY A GLIDER?

YES, SIR! THERE'S A CARRIER ON OUR PORT BOW! WE'LL PULL ALONGSIDE HER!

RADIO MY FLAGSHIP AS SOON AS YOU SIGHT THE PIRATES, SERGEANT BELL. I HAVE REASON TO THINK THEY'D DETECT PLANE MOTORS!

OKAY, SIR. I'M READY!

SERGEANT BELL IS CATAPULTED ON A DEADLY MISSION IN A MOTORLESS PLANE!

LUCKY THERE'S A FRESH WIND. I'LL NEED IT!

WITH EXPERT HANDLING, SERGEANT BELL SOARS THE FLIMSY CRAFT FOR MILES THROUGH THE SWIRLING AIR CURRENTS.

THIS IS THE POSITION! I'LL HAVE TO DIVE OUT OF THE CLOUDS!

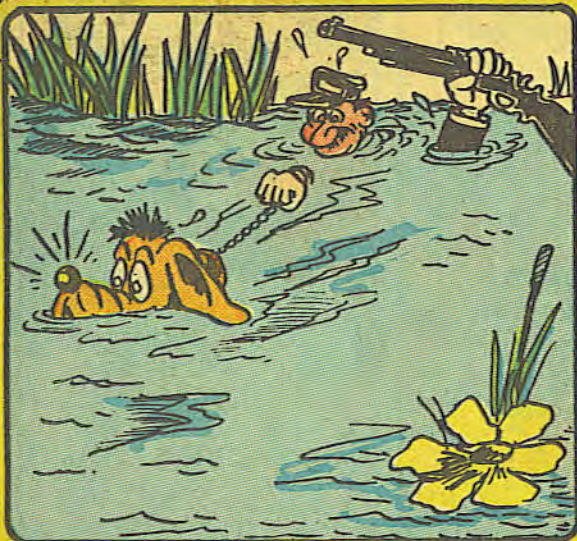
THERE'S A SHIP BELOW! MUST BE THE ONE I'M LOOKING FOR, BUT I CAN'T TELL FROM HERE. HAVE TO GLIDE DOWN AND RISK BEING SHOT!

--AN OLD FREIGHTER CONVERTED INTO A FLAT-TOP! THEY HIJACK THE CARGOES AND THEN SEND A PLANE TO SINK THE CONVOY SHIP!

SERGEANT BELL CALLING ADMIRAL HARVEY!



LAUGH



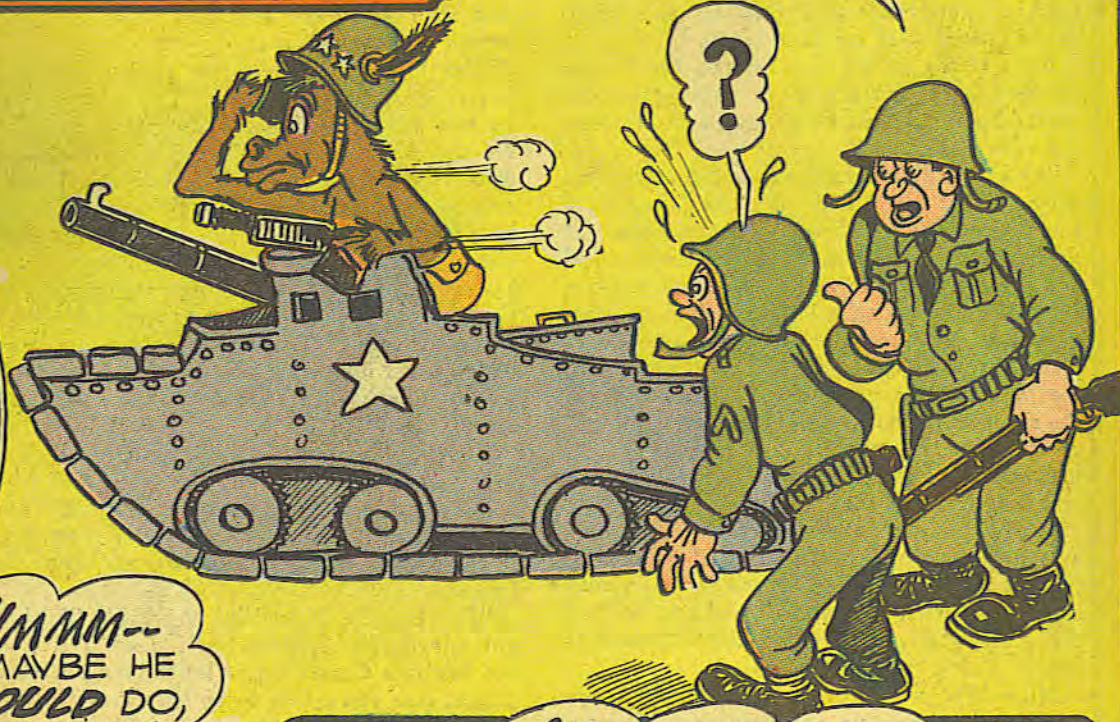
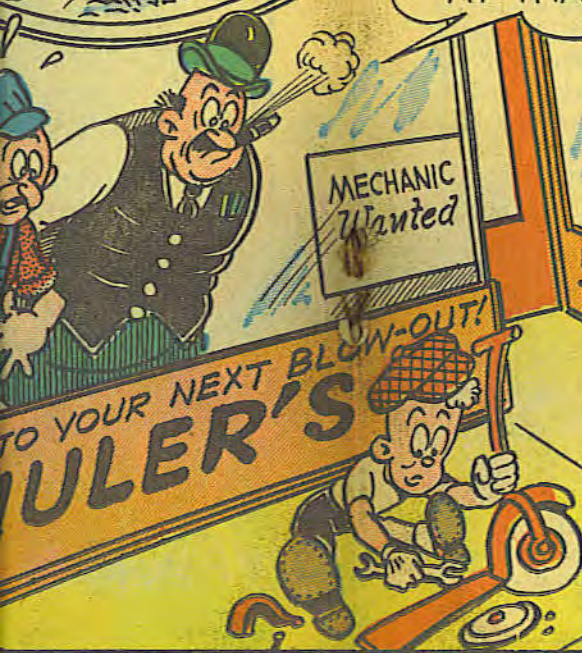
AUGHS

HE GOT A DIRECT
COMMISSION WHEN
THEY **MECHANIZED**
THE **CAVALRY!**

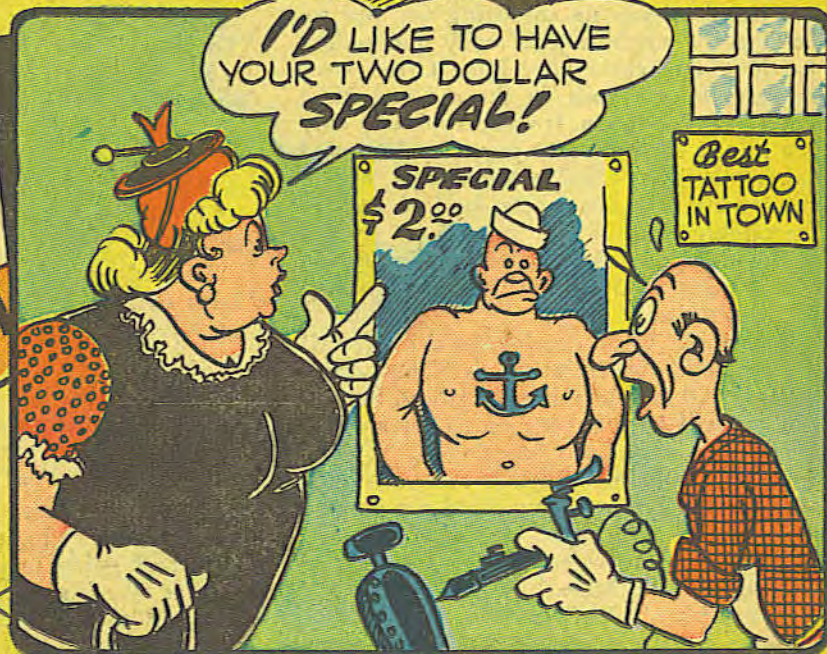
GLAD I DON'T HAVE
POST! I HEAR IT
IS PRETTY COLD
IN CANADA!



HMMM--
MAYBE HE
WOULD DO,
AT THAT!



I'D LIKE TO HAVE
YOUR TWO DOLLAR
SPECIAL!





MANY MEN MIGHT HAVE MURDERED THE RAINBOW CHASER BUT **YANKEE BOY** NARROWED THE LIST DOWN TO TWO SUSPECTS. TROUBLE DOUBLED WHEN HE REFUSED TO REVEAL HIS TRUE IDENTITY AS **VIC MARTIN**. THEN HE WAS ON THE SPOT, FOR IF HE COULDN'T EXPOSE THE KILLER, THE POLICE WOULD EXPOSE **YANKEE BOY** AS JUST A NEIGHBORHOOD KID!

YANKEE BOY



BE HOME BY NINE, VICTOR! YOU WON'T LEARN ANYTHING FROM DICK HUGHES. HE'S A RAINBOW CHASER!

OKAY, MOM, BUT DON'T WAIT UP FOR ME!

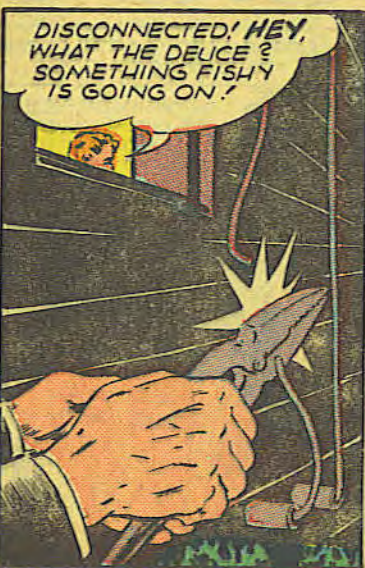


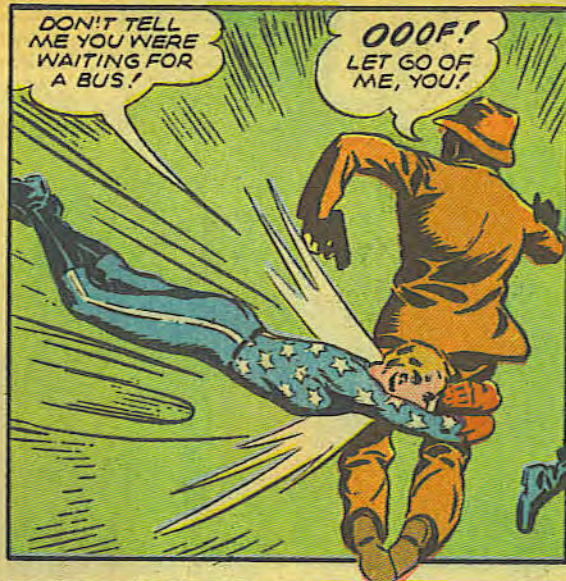
DICK'S VOICE WAS CHEERFUL FOR THE FIRST TIME IN WEEKS. THE GEOLOGIST'S REPORT HAD HIM BADLY WORRIED.

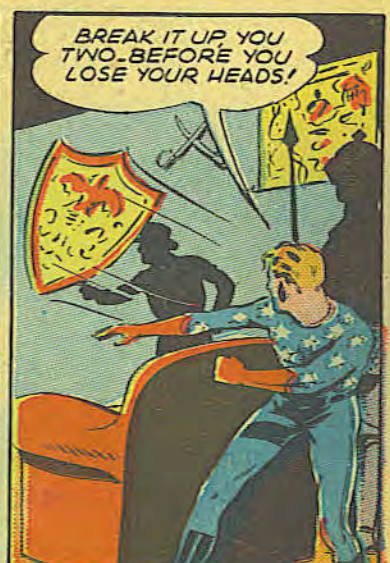


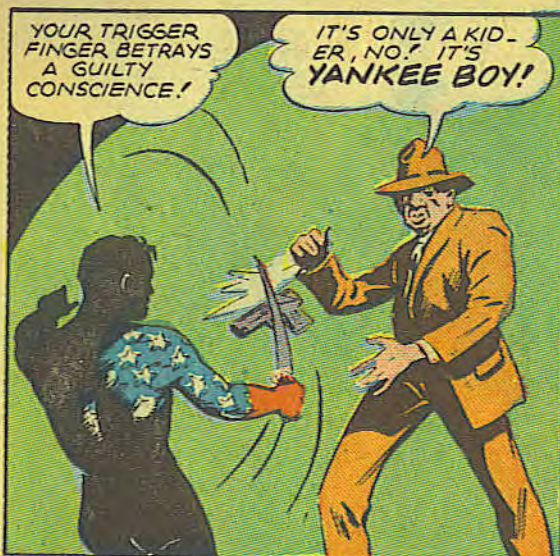
BEFORE VIC MARTIN REACHES HIS FRIEND'S HOUSE.....

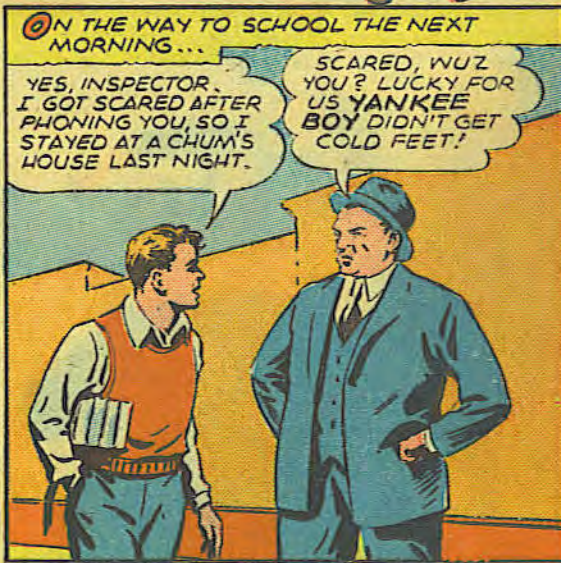
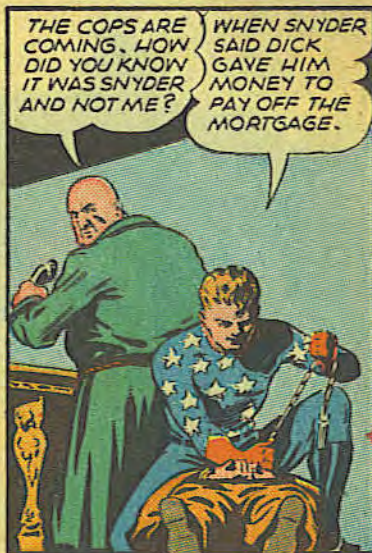
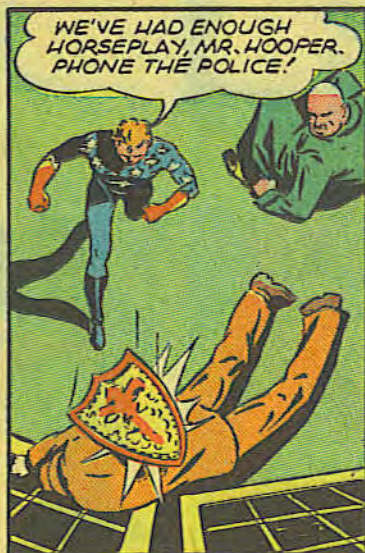
YOUR WORRIES ARE OVER, DICK, AND NO ONE WILL SUSPECT IT WASN'T SUICIDE!













Science in ethical hands is a tremendous power for good, but a terrible force for evil when the scientist is a criminal~



Professor Harvey Cornell, brilliant and generous

His assistant, Bram Thurston, selfish and egotistical



THIS CORNELL **ELECTRON** IS THE GREATEST FORCE KNOWN! WHEN I FIND A **PROTON** TO USE WITH IT--THURSTON--!

YOU'RE A GENIUS, PROFESSOR CORNELL!



--BUT A **DEAD ONE!** YOUR NEW DEVELOPMENT IS NOW THE **THURSTON ELECTRON!**



YOUR OWN INVENTION
WILL DESTROY
YOUR BODY!

NOW TO CALL ON
DR. CARTER! HE'LL
FIND THE **PROTON!**



DR. CARTER, IF
A **PROTON** CAN
BE FOUND FOR
THE THURSTON
ELECTRON THE
SPEED OF SPACE
CRAFT CAN BE
INCREASED A
MILLION-FOLD!

I HAVE A
LABORATORY
ON MARS.
LET US GO
THERE
AND
WORK!



Three weeks later -- in Dr.
Carter's Mars laboratory--

I'VE GOT IT,
THURSTON! THE
NEW **PROTON'S**
POWER IS
TERRIFIC! IT
CAN BE USED
IN THE SPACE
SHIP, TOO!

GOOD! I'LL
CONTINUE
TO WORK
ALONE IN
THIS ROOM
ON FRICTION
CONTROL!



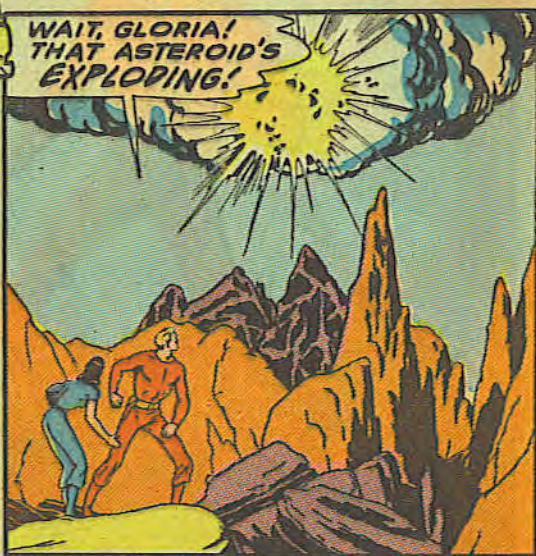
Meanwhile, at a nearby hotel, Dr. Carter's
personal navigator, Dan Hastings, is
alone with Gloria, Dr. Carter's daughter--

GLORIA, I'VE WANTED
TO TELL YOU
SOMETHING
FOR A LONG
TIME--

OH--
DAN--!



WAIT, GLORIA!
THAT ASTEROID'S
EXPLODING!



DUCK UNDER
THIS ROCK!
IT'S A METEOR
SHOWER!



IT'S NOT A
METEOR
SHOWER!
LOOK-- OVER
BY THOSE ROCKS!
SOMEONE'S
BLASTING THAT
ASTEROID
TO BITS!

HOW HORRIBLE!
ARE PEOPLE
LIVING
ON IT?



PEOPLE WERE
LIVING ON IT!
THEY'RE DEAD
NOW! I DON'T
LIKE IT!

LET'S GET
BACK AND
SEE IF
DAD'S
ALL RIGHT!





DAD!

DAN PLACE THURSTON.
UNDER ARREST!
HE'S MADE A RAY
CANNON OUT OF
THE OBSERVATORY
TELESCOPE!

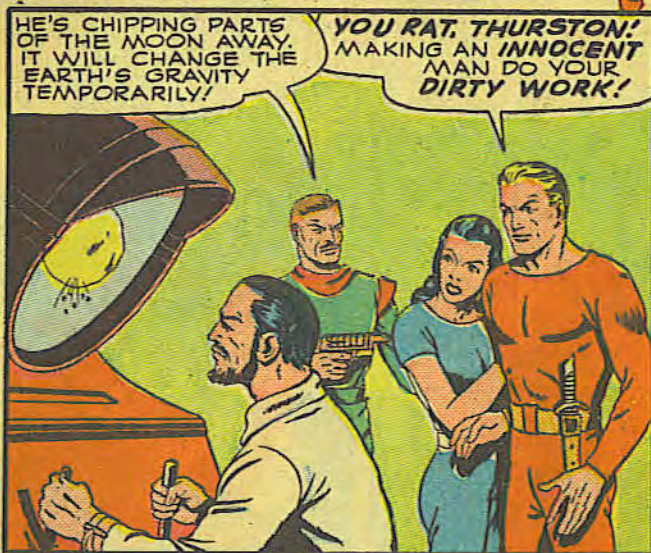
NO YOU DON'T!
THIS THURSTON
GUN CAN DO THE
SAME TO YOU AS
THE CANNON DID
TO THE ASTEROID!
**NOW WATCH OUR
FRIEND CARTER!**



Three minutes later--

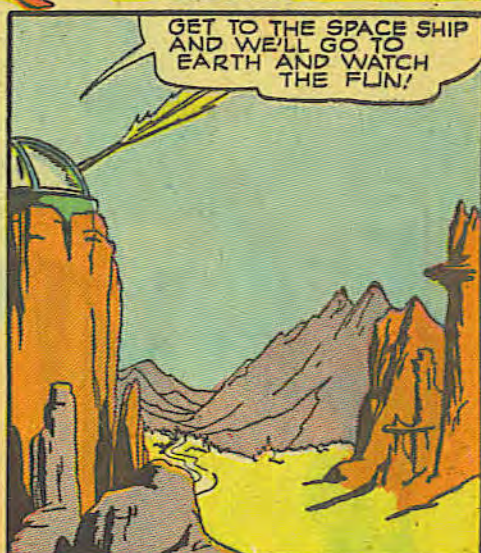
CARTER IS WIRED
AND DIRECTED BY
REMOTE CONTROL!

**Oh,
No!**



HE'S CHIPPING PARTS
OF THE MOON AWAY.
IT WILL CHANGE THE
EARTH'S GRAVITY
TEMPORARILY!

YOU RAT, THURSTON!
MAKING AN **INNOCENT**
MAN DO YOUR
DIRTY WORK!



GET TO THE SPACE SHIP
AND WE'LL GO TO
EARTH AND WATCH
THE FUN!



DON'T TRY
ANYTHING
FUNNY
HASTINGS! I
CAN STILL
CONTROL
CARTER FROM
THIS SHIP!

WITH CARTER
IN **YOUR**
HANDS, I
DON'T **DARE!**



Washington, D.C., U.S.A.--

YOU WILL BE
LOCKED IN
THIS SHIP. IF
YOU OPEN A
SINGLE DOOR,
THE SHIP WILL
BLOW UP!

YOU HOLD ALL
THE CARDS,
THURSTON!



WITH THEM SAFELY
IMPRISONED, I'M OFF
TO SEE THE **PRESIDENT**
OF THE **UNITED STATES!**

Thirty minutes later--

MR. PRESIDENT, I CAN STOP THIS DISASTER! I HAVE FOUND ITS CAUSE! BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO SEE IT TO BELIEVE!

VERY WELL, MR. THURSTON! LEAD THE WAY!



THIS IS HASTINGS' SHIP. HE IS IN LEAGUE WITH DR. CARTER TO CONTROL THE EARTH!

DR. CARTER? DAN HASTINGS? IMPOSSIBLE!



Inside--

LOOK! I'VE PUSHED THIS SWITCH. IT IS HASTING'S SIGNAL TO CARTER THAT THE EARTH HAS COME TO TERMS!

ALL THE RUMBLING HAS STOPPED!



IT'S A LIE, MR. PRESIDENT! I CAN PROVE IT!

I'VE SEEN ENOUGH. MAJOR, PLACE THESE TWO UNDER ARREST!



THE GOVERNMENT WILL HONOR YOU, THURSTON! HOW DID YOU DISCOVER THIS PLOT?

THEY INTERFERED WITH MY TELEVISION EXPERIMENTS. I PICKED UP THEIR PLOT ON MY SET, THEN SURPRISED AND OVERCAME THEM!



DAN, I'M GOING TO TRY SOMETHING! IT'S JUST A CHANCE IN A THOUSAND!

WHAT COULD YOU DO?



I WANT TO MAKE A CONFESSION! MAY I TELL BRAM THURSTON PRIVATELY?

UNUSUAL, BUT WE SHALL WAIT OUTSIDE THE SHIP FOR YOU!



I CAN'T HELP TELLING YOU-- BRAM-- TO THE VICTOR--

--WELL, DARLING! THIS IS A SURPRISE!





NOW IT'S **OUR** TURN, THURSTON! IF YOU MAKE A **FALSE MOVE**, I'LL LET YOU HAVE IT!

YOU DEVIL!



A few minutes later--

MARS NEXT STOP, DAN!

NICE GOING, GLORIA!



At the Mars laboratory--

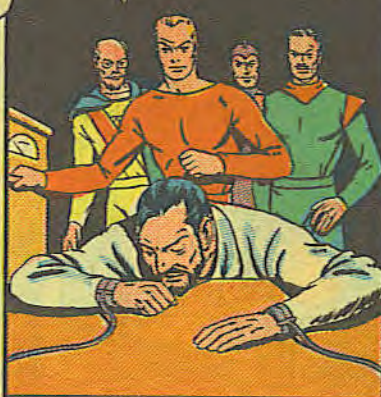
THERE, MR. PRESIDENT!

EXACTLY AS REPRESENTED! CARTER CAUSING THE TROUBLE.



BUT WHEN I TURN OFF THE POWER, DR. CARTER FALLS UNCONSCIOUS!

THEY'RE FAKING!



PERHAPS THIS WILL PROVE MY POINT!

YOU WILL PAY FOR THIS GROSS INDIGNITY TO OUR PRESIDENT!



THERE.. OUR PRESIDENT IN DR. CARTER'S SHOES!

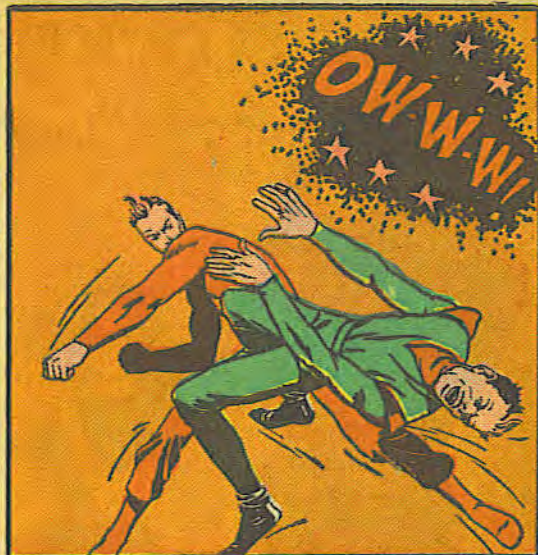
STOP! STOP! I HAVE SEEN ENOUGH! I'M CONVINCED!

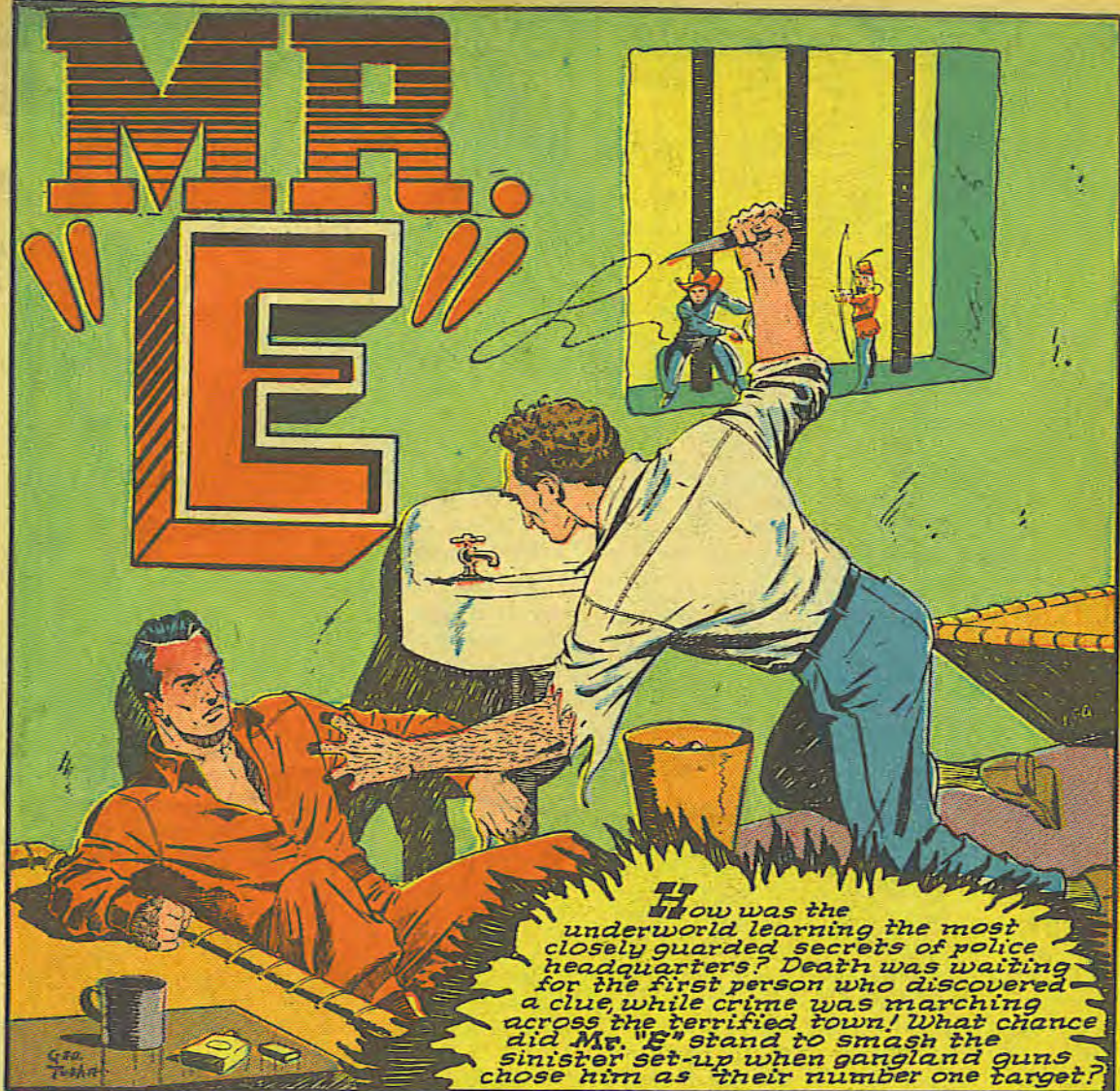


GIVE ME THAT GUN--

DAN! LOOK OUT!







Arrested on suspicion, Pete Brody withstands a lengthy, third degree--

THIS IS YOUR LAST CHANCE, BRODY! BACK TO THE BIG HOUSE UNLESS YOU TELL WHO'S THE **BIG EAR!**

I SAID **NUTS, COPPER!**



IT'S NO USE, RILEY! THROW HIM IN WITH THAT BURGLAR IN CELL 17!

GET MOVIN', YOU!



But the burglar in 17 is none other than Mr. "E" in disguise --

COME RIGHT IN, CHUM! I WAS GETTIN' LONESOME





HOW'D THEY NAB YOU, PAL? WASN'T YOU TIPPED OFF BY THE BIG EAR?

NO, I'M FROM OUT OF TOWN? HOW CAN I GET HOOKED UP WITH THE GUY WHO HANDS OUT TIPS ON WHAT THE COPS ARE UP TO?



SEE JOE THE NEWSBOY OUTSIDE THE EAST GATE! HE'LL FIX YOU UP IF YOU SLIP HIM A **HUNDRED!**

THANKS, PAL. MY MOUTHPIECE PROMISED TO SPRING ME BY SIX BELLS!



I'LL BE SEEIN' YA ON THE OUTSIDE, FELLA!

YEAH- THEY CAN'T HOLD **ME** FOR PAROLE VIOLATION!



AH! THEN YOU **DID** GET A CLUE TO THE BIG EAR FROM BRODY!

SHHH! NOT SO LOUD, CHIEF! A LOT OF THE LEAKS HAVE COME FROM THIS OFFICE!



BUT WE SEARCHED EVERY SQUARE INCH FOR A **HIDDEN MICROPHONE!** THE BIG EAR MUST BE A MIND READER! **WHAT'S THE CLUE?**

CAN'T TELL YOU, CHIEF. WE AGREED WHEN YOU CALLED ME IN THAT I'D HAVE TO WORK IN **STRICT SECRECY!** SEE YOU LATER!



THE BIG EAR MUST HAVE WARNED JOE THE NEWSBOY! I'LL DASH AROUND THE BLOCK SO HE WON'T THINK I CAME ACROSS FROM HEADQUARTERS!



HIYA, JOE! GIVE ME THE SPORTS FINAL! GOT TO SEE HOW THE LAKELAND FARMS ENTRY DID IN THE FIFTH RACE!

HUH? MAYBE THIS IS THE GUY BRODY BLABBED TO!

I'M FROM OUT OF TOWN, JOE. MY PAL TOLD ME YOU COULD HOOK ME IN ON THE BIG EAR'S GRAPEVINE!

YEAH-- YEAH, SURE! GO TO A GARAGE AT ONE-SIXTY MARKET STREET. ASK FOR MIKE, AN' WATCH OUT YOU AIN'T BEIN' FOLLOWED!



LISTEN, CHIEF! HAVE ONE OF YOUR MEN WATCH JOE THE NEWSBOY. HE MAY BE THE BIG EAR! HE SLIPPED UP BY NOT ASKING ME FOR A HUNDRED WHEN HE GAVE ME AN ADDRESS!



After Mr. "E" leaves the neighborhood, Joe arouses the suspicion of a disguised plainclothesman--

HOLD IT, JOE! KEEP YOUR HANDS IN SIGHT!

HUH?
OKAY, GUMSHOE!
IT'S YOUR FUNERAL!

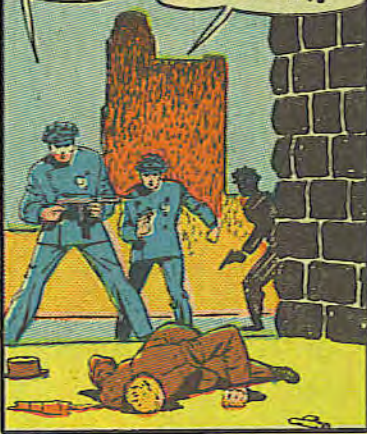


THEY'LL THROW ME IN THE CLINK, BUT THEY CAN'T MAKE ME TELL YOU WHY YOU WUZ KILLED!



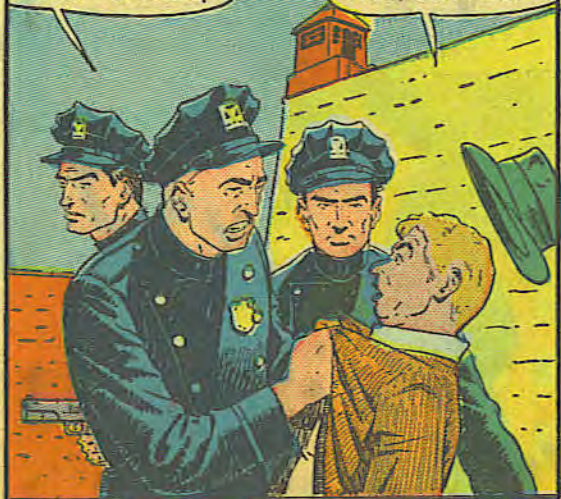
THAT WAS A TOMMY GUN-- FIRED FROM ACROSS THE STREET!

CALL THE RIOT SQUAD! WE'LL HAVE TO SURROUND THE BLOCK!



WHO WAS SHOOTIN' THAT CHOPPER, JOE?

I AIN'T GOT THE FAINTEST IDEA, COPPER!



Meanwhile, Mr. "E" rushes home where he discards his disguise and descends to the subterranean temple of his ancient idol--

ALL WISE AND POWERFUL KING KOLAH, A TRAP HAS BEEN SET FOR ME AT ONE-SIXTY MARKET STREET. I BESEECH YOU FOR AID IN THE NAME OF JUSTICE!





SO THAT'S THE TRAP! A GUNMAN HIDING IN A DUMMY GAS PUMP!

HEY! LOOK AT THEM BLACKBIRDS, JAKE!

SOMETHIN'S SCREWY! WHY THEY FLYIN' IN THE DOOR?

THEM BIRDS! THEY DISAPPEARED!

YEAH, MIKE-- BUT LOOK AT WHO'S TRYIN' TO SNEAK IN ON US-- MR. "E"!

By weird magic, the messengers of justice change from birds to tiny men--

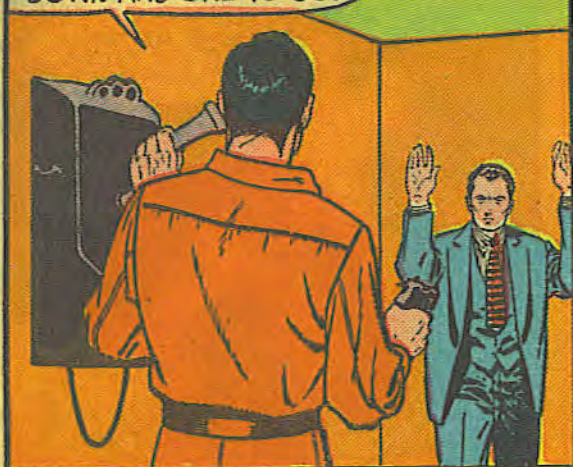
OUCH! WHO PEGGED THAT WRENCH, MIKE?

WHA--! AM I DREAMING OR ARE THEM CREATURES REAL?

YOU'LL BE DREAMING UNTIL YOU WAKE UP AT HEADQUARTERS, MIKE!

AND WHO SAYS YOU HAVEN'T ANY KICK COMING! I'LL TAKE YOUR ROD, MISTER!

CHIEF! SEND THE WAGON TO ONE-SIXTY MARKET STREET. I'VE GOT TWO DOWN AND ONE TO GO!



As the hidden assassin steps out to investigate, Mr. "E's" assistants get the jump on him!

HEY.. WHAT?!
OOW!
MY WRIST!!

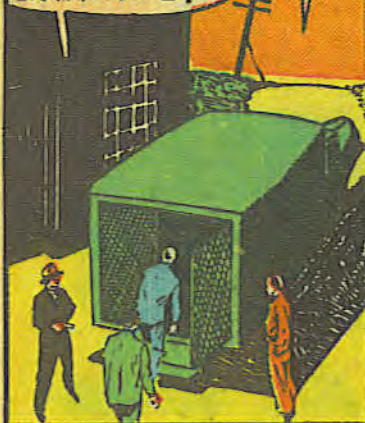
SIRENS! HERE
COME THE
COPS!

GAS



I HOPE THE ARREST OF THESE BIRDS BREAKS A LINK IN THE BIG EAR'S CHAIN, MR. "E".

I'M FOLLOWING YOU BACK TO HEADQUARTERS!



LOOK! A CAR BLOCKING THE STREET AHEAD OF THE PATROL WAGON!



THE BIG EAR MUST'VE SENT OUT A RESCUE SQUAD, BUT THE COPS ARE GIVING 'EM THE WORST OF IT!



TRIED TO HIJACK YOUR CAPTIVES, EH?

YEAH--WHEN THE BIG EAR HEARS ABOUT THIS, HE'LL ORDER HIS MOB TO LOOT THE CITY!



Reaching headquarters--

RIP THE FELT PAD OFF THE BASE OF YOUR PHONE, CHIEF. THE BIG EAR COULDN'T HAVE HEARD MY CALL UNLESS--

BUT WE CHECKED THE WIRES FOR A TAP, MR. "E".



A MIKE THAT PICKED UP EVERY WORD SPOKEN IN THIS OFFICE OR ON THE PHONE! THE WIRES WERE TAPPED!

GIVE ME THE KEYS TO THE EAST CELL BLOCK. THE BIG EAR IS ONE OF YOUR PRISONERS!



CHIEF! ONE OF THE GUYS MR. "E" NABBED WORKED HERE WITH THE ELECTRICIANS LAST MONTH!

THERE'S YOUR PROOF, CHIEF! NOW TO NAB THE BIG EAR!



YOU'VE BEEN HERE OVER A MONTH, LOGAN, AWAITING TRIAL FOR MURDER! MIND IF I LOOK UNDER YOUR WASH BASIN?

GO AHEAD. WHAT ARE YOU? THE EXTERMINATOR?



A SMALL EARPHONE! SO YOU ARE THE BIG EAR!

YEAH-- BUT YOU WON'T LIVE TO SEE ME GET THE CHAIR!



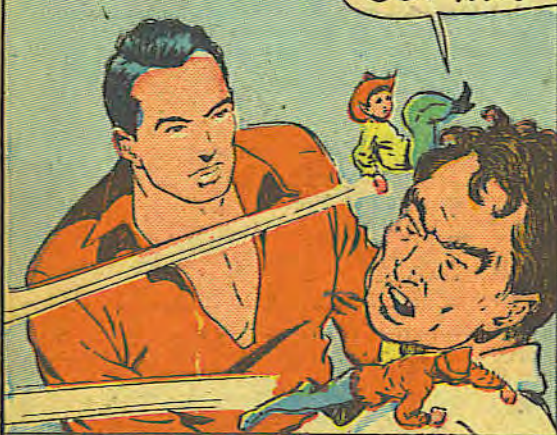
HOLD HIM, MR. "E"!

HE WON'T DROP ANY MORE TIP-OFF NOTES OUT THIS WINDOW!



MY LITTLE HELPERS GANGED UP ON YOU JUST IN TIME!

STOP! YOU'VE GOT ME!



Soon after The Big Ear signs a complete confession--

ALL WISE AND POWERFUL KING KOLAH, I HUMBLY REPORT THAT WITH THE AID OF YOUR MESSENGERS OF JUSTICE, THE MENACE OF THE BIG EAR HAS BEEN DESTROYED!



It's a

RULE

HE'S OUT--HE'S
SAFE--HE'S OUT,
SAFE--OUT--ETC!



Blind Tom or guesser
Umpire.

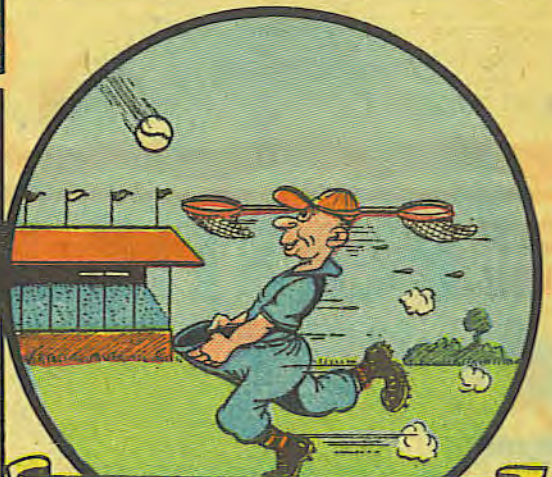
If after 4½ innings
of play, the umpire
calls the game a
forfeit, all individual
and team averages go
into the official records.
But no pitcher can be
charged with the win
or loss of the game.



I WAS WONDERING
WHY THEY GOT ALL
THOSE HOME RUNS!



No inning of any night game can be
started after 11:50 Standard Time.

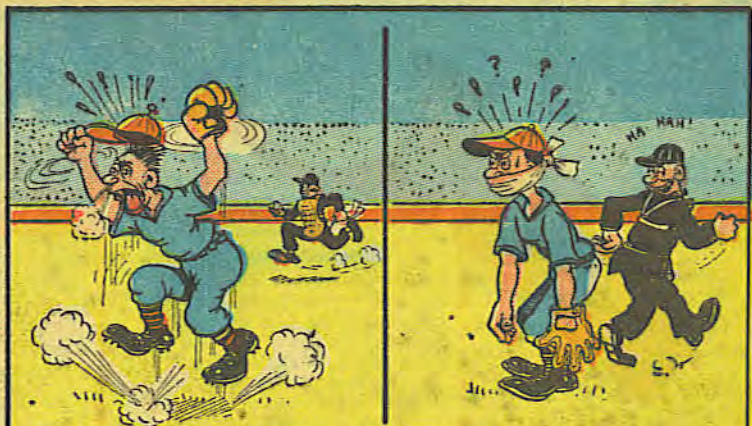


A fielder cannot catch a ball in
his hat, cap, protector, pocket or
any part of his clothing.

GEE--I WONDER
IF THEY'LL LIKE
ME HERE!



Busher-- raw recruit



Barber-- a player who does a lot of talking--